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1. Poetry, American.

Heyward

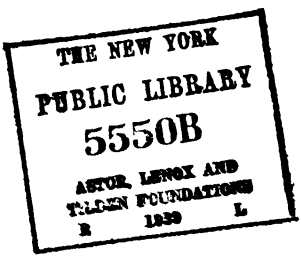
WILD ROSES

WILD ROSES

BY

JANIE SCREVEN HEYWARD

New York and Washington
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY
1905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By
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WILD ROSES

When God sowed the seed
  He knew they would be
Only wild roses
  But fragrant and free.

He sent them His rain
  And His sunshine, too,
And freshened their leaves
  With heaven's own dew.

Each bud, each blossom
  That blows in the breeze,
Each tendril and spray
  Which the South winds tease

Will whisper of love
  Both tender and true;
Only wild roses—
  But gathered for you.

WQR 19FEB'86

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CONFEDERATE REUNION 1899

Homeward he came from the war and the strife,
Discharged from prison with naught but his life
And a deathless love for a flag that was furled
And a cause that was lost—in the eyes of the world.

Too true it was lost, but it lives again,
And ever will live in the hearts of the men
Who wore the gray, and at freedom's call
Marched bravely forth to win—or fall.

And many a battle they fought and won,
But the Northern hosts were as ten to one.
O'erwhelmed, not conquered, still loving the right
They yielded at last to the conqueror's might.

Now, many years have passed away,
And the bugle calls these men in gray
To meet and talk of the years gone by
With glowing heart and kindling eye.

The hosts in gray with peaceful mien
March through the streets; and here are seen
The battle-flags like veterans scarred—
For they, like the Southern boys, died hard.

He marches with them, our soldier lad;
In a new gray suit his form is clad.
He carries a banner, his face is bright;
He knows the cause which was lost is right.

His comrades are here on every hand;
They have gathered from far, the old command.
And lo! The years have passed away,
And he marches once more the boy in gray.

WHICH?

I thought her simply charming—
I met her at a dance,
And lost my heart completely
At her bewitching glance.

Next day I chanced to see her
Far from the giddy whirl,
A picture of sweet dignity—
A little typist girl.

Maiden fair, I query, are
You butterfly or bee?
Whatever be your answer,
You are the girl for me.

PAST AND FUTURE

Oh! the weary, weary waiting
For the days that come no more!
Oh! the hungry hearted yearning
For the dimly distant shore,
Where asleep, but never dying,
Lie the memories of the Past.
Rise, O Soul! and face thy Future,
Let them slumber, sweet and fast.

Living now within the Present
To thine eye two shores appear,
Backward see the "Past," of all things
To a woman's heart most dear.
But it draws us back with yearning,
And our hearts would surely break
If we lingered there forever,
Living but for memories' sake.

See, the future lies before thee.
Live it bravely, and perchance
When 'Tis Present Thou mayst love it
Dearly as the years advance.
Live it so that memories sweeter
E'en than those already born
May be thine to bear thee onward
To the everlasting morn.

OUR BLOSSOM

Two precious years since the angels brought her
  Down from the skies to be our own.
Our blessing and sunshine is our daughter!
  Ah, but the years have quickly flown.

With the flowers came our little bluebell.
  Our Blossom she is. Violets sweet
Are softer and sweeter than April showers
  When sunshine and teardrops meet.

Her cheeks are roses. In one a dimple
  Lurks until laughter brings it in view.
But you 'd never suspect for a moment
  That the puss is laughing at you!

Her cute little nose turns daintily up
  In a comical sort of way;
And she has two of the tiniest feet
  That dance about all the long day.

When her prayer time comes in the evening,
  Hands clasped and eyes shut up tight,
Make me think of the beautiful flowers
  That close their sweet petals at night.

THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS

As I harken to the rhyming and the chiming of the bells,
To the bells of old St. Michael's! Ah, my heart the story tells
Of the days when first they pealed out, "Freedom, Brothers, we are free!
And no longer pay we tribute to the land across the sea!"

In my mind I see the concourse, beaux and belles of long ago,
Gathered there to hear the story which they tell of fallen foe.
They peal out the nation's gladness, they tell its people's sadness;
When the city's heart is singing, they ring with merry madness.

And they tell of "Yankee Doodle" with his famous little nag,
Of "Peter Parker," "Taffy," and our dear, blue bonnie Flag.
Of "Sis' Caline," "Annie Rooney," and "My Country, 'tis of thee;"
And they set the pace for heart-beats in the "City by the Sea."

So when Sunday comes, triumphantly their tones
ring loud and grand,
Familiar hymns, dear to each heart, "There is a
Happy Land,"
"Shall we gather at the river, shining like a
crystal sea?"
Or the cry of those who sorrow, "Rock of Ages,
cleft for me."

To the breeze they give their message and it
seems to coax us there
To give thanks for our blessings, or to crave an
answered prayer.
So we listen, as our fathers, to the story that it
tells,
And we dearly love the rhyming and the chiming
of the bells.

SOME ONE'S DEAR SWEETHEART

She 'd the look of one enjoying
Some delicious, happy dream—
From her face an inner radiance
Seemed to shine and glow and gleam.

She was neither plain nor pretty,
But the light upon her face
Made me wonder what her story—
Raised her from the commonplace.

We were sitting in a street-car,
Flying on at break-neck speed;
In her hand she held a letter
(All absorbed she seemed to read).

Kind Fate came to my assistance,
Put into my hand the key—
Helped me to explain the radiance
Which around her seemed to be.

Was it very wrong, I wonder,
For me to accept the chance?
"My dear little Sweetheart," saw I
These words in an instant's glance.

Now I knew why she was pretty,
When she really shouldn't be—
She was some one's "Little Sweetheart,"
She was some one's wife to be.

Love—Magician, King, and Wizard!—
  Had illumined by his touch,
Thrown around her head a radiance—
  To be happy means so much!

I am glad she had that letter.
  May she never have to part
From the happy, tender knowledge
  She is some one's "Dear Sweetheart."

WHAT MAUMA THINKS OF FREEDOM

Dey tek we from we shelter,
  An' dey say, "Go long—you 's free!"
Me ain' call dat no freedom,
  To tek we home from we.

I 'se happy in de ole times,
  Wid Miss an' my ole Maussa.
Sich a chillun as I nuss—
  Bes' you ebber saw, sah!

Dey 's berry good to me now,
  Dey ain' fergit dere Mauma;
But w'en I gits to Hebben
  I hope de wedder 's warmer.

I miss dem nice warm winter clo's,
  An' I miss dat roarin' fire,
Wid oak an' pine an' light'ood
  To make de blaze rise higher.

I sit sometimes an' tink upon
  Dem plate piled high wid bittle!
I cook all what I got now
  In dis ole iron kittle.

I tink upon dat physic too,
  And all dem pill an plaster;
Wen we wuz sick, we jis sen wud
  To tell ole Miss and Master.

Ef dis is freedom—God forbid!—
I calls it simply knabery.
An' when I gits to Hebben, Lord,
I hope I 'll find it 's "slabery."

THE CHILDREN

How oft when I 'm busy sewing,
  Or have snatched a minute to read,
The children come with their questions,
  Or with some little childish need!

I throw down the book or garment
  Which, perhaps, I was hurrying through.
Oh, the little troublesome darlings!
  There 's no end to what "Mother" can do.

How often I 'm cross and impatient
  I am almost ashamed to say.
Yet the house seemed very empty
  And this, *such* a wearisome day.

The children are off on a frolic
  To be gone the whole long day;
And gaily I thought of all I should do
  With the mischievous ones away.

But my plans are all a failure
  And the day such a dismal one,
Sad thoughts keep time to my needle
  'Till I long for the set of sun.

No "troublesome interruptions,"
  No bright little speeches to cheer,
Ah me! with the sunshine absent
  The house seems empty and drear.

I felt so gloomy and doleful,
  With longings for days that are past,
My needle failed to distract me,
  So I threw down my work at last.

And I took up my best loved volume,
  To spend with its words some hours,
But I missed e'en here the little hands
  Bringing me their weeds and flowers.

My thoughts kept wandering to them;
  Were they happy and well and good?
And were they gathering flowers
  In the grand old shady wood?

'Twas useless; my day was a failure,
  I needed the music sweet
Of the queer little lisping questions,
  And the pattering, rosy feet.

How happy I felt, when at evening
  I heard their steps at the gate,
For I *know* that without the children
  My life would be desolate.

Ask endless questions, my darlings,
  You shall never call me in vain;
For without your merry voices
  My life would be one long pain.

TO THE VETERANS

Veterans are they! Oh, ring them in!
Bring in the men who wore the gray;
Give them a welcome, we who revere them—
Who is there greater on earth to-day?

Honor them, children, they fought for their country;
Strong were their hearts and great was their pride;
Lost was their cause, but the principle lingers,
So not in vain our heroes have died.

"They died for their country!" Did you hear the men say it?
Straight, straight to the throne of the Father above
Those words must have risen and added a measure
E'n to the glory of Eternal Love.

Oh, comrades, you 're welcome! You 're welcome, I say,
To the city which first cried for freedom or death;
The first was denied us, but naught shall divide us,
We 're comrades in Gray to the very last breath.

Come again and again! Your welcome awaits you,
We want you to tell us of days that have passed.
"They died for their country!"—the glorious story
Will live in our hearts while the heart-beats shall last.

THE PINES OF GLEN CANNON

Sweet musicians of the forest,
  Would I could your language know;
Know the precious words you utter
  As your boughs waft to and fro.

Tall, majestic, grand, you pine trees,
  With your branches to the sun,
Whispering with sweetest cadence,
  Singing still when day is done.

Are you worshipping the Sun God,
  Raising leafy arms in prayer?
Pay you to the winds your tribute?
  Or is Love what woos them here?

Surely there are dear caresses
  Passing through you, soft and low;
I can hear them in the whispering
  And the rustling of each bough.

I can fancy a sweet union
  'Twixt the pine trees and the breeze;
Leafy lace-work, bridal garments;
  Turquoise sky, a ring for these.

Comforting, beloved, caressing,
  Soothing all who need your aid
With your sweet harmonious whispers
  And the magic of your shade.

Like some grand dame, tall and stately
Who, though fashioned to command,
Stoops to soothe away a sorrow,
Are the pine trees of our land.

Earth seems very near to heaven
Through the vista of these trees,
And methinks the notes of Angels
Mingle with the summer breeze.

WHY SUMMER GIRLS ARE FICKLE

Love was weary and needed rest,
So, building for himself a nest,
Into it crept.
He had worked all winter and fall;
"Slain his thousands" at dinner and ball—
Now he slept.

One day his brother crept along,
Hushed on his lips his merry song—
For Love slept.
Stole his arrows and stole his bow;
When "Sir Fancy" was ready to go—
Off he crept.

At the seashore, on the mountain,
By the stream and splashing fountain,
Vigil kept.
Where sojourned a youth and maiden,
There his quiver he 'd unladen—
Never slept.

Made them think he was his brother,
Told them to "Love one another,"
Then he leapt
High with wild glee, while summer girls,
All sunburned cheeks and blowing curls,
Their tryst kept.

This is why the Love-of-Summer
Changes for the latest comer—
Cupid slept!
When he wakes—you could not blame him
(*Fancy* has done much to shame him)
If he wept.

HE WILL RETURN

The time seems long, Dear Heart, since our good-bye!
The tears were very near, though eyes were dry.
But oh, this lesson is so hard to learn!
To master it I 'm striving and praying!
All the while an inner voice keeps saying,
"He will return—some day, he will return!"

Ah me! without those blessed words of cheer
My life would darker be and very drear.
To hopeful thoughts as to the sun I turn.
When we our parts have learned, and how to bear
What now sees dark—but that day will be clear!
Then you 'll return! Ah, then you will return!

Your gladsome step proclaims your heart is light.
So keep it, dear—I 'd have you ever bright,
Though I must wait and patient be and yearn—
Still, let us strive Dear Heart, to nobler be,
Ere that glad day when you will come to me.
Thank God, thank God—you will one day return!

THE LIGHT IN OLD ST. PHILIP'S

High up in old St. Philip's,
Between the earth and sky,
A beacon-light shines clear and bright
To tell the passers by

Of a haven safe and peaceful.
Ships enter there by night
If at their helm a captain stands
Whose eye is on the light.

The crew may be weary
From trips to distant lands;
But they reach the harbor safely
Heeding their chief's commands.

They have longed for the land
Where dwell their loved people
'Neath the light which shines from
Old St. Philip's steeple.

It welcomes the stranger
By the light of its beams
To find a home where breezes blow
Soft as summer night dreams.

This light, like word of God,
Travels o'er land and sea,
And calls to those who are weary
And wrecked: "Come unto Me!"

Storm-tossed souls find comfort,
And ships seek harbor there,
Where the beacon light shines so bright
From o'er the House of Prayer.

It calls us to worship,
Guards those fallen asleep.
'Neath that gold cross lie those whose loss
The South had cause to weep!

Shine forth, Starry Beacon!
Shed light o'er sea and land;
Say to the saint and the sinner,
"Your help is close at hand."

LOVE AND DEATH.

Oh, dearest, could I but keep you here!
You, far dearer to me than life is dear.
Why are my arms so strong for the fight
If they cannot hold you from Death to-night?

Why is my tongue so ready with praise
If it cannot lengthen by one your days?
What is my love? And how can I pray,
When I feel that you are slipping away?

What is a man, when he cannot keep
The wife of his heart from her last long sleep?
Stay with me, sweetheart, comrade, and friend—
Merciful God! Oh! can this be the end?

I loosen my hold, and lay you down—
For me is the cross, for you is the crown.
Oh, woe is a man, when he cannot keep
The love of his life from her last long sleep!

DROP 'O MERCY

"Drop of mercy in the cup,"
So we call our baby.
Just because he don't kick up—
Nowhere hurts him, maybe.

He is such a jolly boy,
Spends his time a-cooing.
Rosy fist his dearest toy—
Hear him now a-gooing!

"Drop of mercy in the cup"
Full to overflowing.
When he wants a bite or sup
Just lies there a-crowing!

God used sunshine, pure and fine—
Caught the sunbeams, maybe;
Mixed them well with smiles divine,
Then turned out this baby.

"Drop of mercy in the cup"
Which we thought o'erflowing—
I could almost eat him up
While he lies there growing.

He is such a blessed joy
We are proud to claim him;
"Drop 'o Mercy, Little Boy,"
That is how we name him.

THE MELODIOUS PINES

Oh, the soughing and the bowing
Of the tall pine trees!
How they whisper high above us
In the soft South breeze!

What the words they sing, we know not,
Whether welcome or good-bye;
But to ears attuned to hear it
'Tis the sweetest lullaby.

As a child I sat beneath them
Building castles in the air,
And my life stretched out before me
Like a landscape, bright and fair.

As a youth I led the darling
Of my heart beneath their shade;
For there as little children we
Together oft had played.

And I told her there the story
Of a love sincere and true;
And away up 'mong the branches
The pine trees whispered too.

I am sure they murmured blessings
With each nod of stately head.
Oh, they made the sweetest music
On the night that we were wed!

I would go to rest at evening
That when daylight softly dies
I might fall asleep and rest me,
Soothed by their lullabies.

They will whisper, as a mother
Croons beside her child at rest;
And will shed their shining needles
As a covering for my breast.

When my best beloved have left me,
And the pines alone remain,
They will murmur, whispering softly,
Sweet and low, their sad refrain.

Oh, the soughing and the bowing
Of the tall pine trees!
How they whisper, high above us
In the soft South breeze!

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

"How horribly empty the streets are!"
Said May with a cross little frown.
"Wish I 'd known there 'd be nobody out—
There seems not a creature in town!"

"*I* thought it a glorious evening!
And the street seemed crowded to me,"
Said Bess, with a smile and happy look.
"All were there whom I wanted to see!"

Yes, *here* was exactly the difference—
The *street* was the same to the two,
But one saw *"Someone,"* and one did *not*—
Which altered their point of view.

THE LAND OF BUMBYE

When we all were little children,
In the old plantation days,
How we loved our dear old Mauma,
With her quaint, persuasive ways.

I can see her, brown and wrinkled,
Turbaned head and eagle eye.
Hear her answer to our pleadings
For more dainties, "Wait—Bumbye."

I can smell those roast potatoes
Soft and sweet; and to our cry
"Just one more," can hear her answer,
"Dahlin,' wait until Bumbye."

Or perhaps it was a pleasure
Oft' postponed by cloudy sky;
Then she 'd cheer us with the promise,
"Sun is sure to shine Bumbye."

Beauteous stories she would tell us,
With the pine blaze leaping high.
All about Brer Wolf, Brer Rabbit,
Tar baby; and then, Bumbye

She would tuck her little nestlings
In their beds, and sit close by,
Chanting hymns, sweet and melodious,
Of the Land we 'll reach "Bumbye."

Dear old Mauma! tender memories
Flood my heart, and fill my eye,
And I trust we 'll meet in Heaven,
In the fair Land of "Bumbye."

CUPID'S TRICK

Go away! you naughty Cupid,
For you can not enter here,
I am happy and contented
And your cruel darts I fear.

Take away your bow and arrows,
Do not pierce me with your dart;
Well I know your tricks, Dan Cupid—
Stop that knocking at my heart.

No—you need not stand there waiting,
Locked my heart and lost the key.
What! you bring one that will fit it!
Where 'd you find it? Let me see.

You are "weary, sick, and footsore,"
Come in then and I will try
By my arts to heal and rest you,
Then we two must say "Good-by."

What! "Too late!" You naughty Cupid!
'T is by aid of magic art
You have grown from elf to giant,
Filling every inch of heart.

You deceived me, naughty Cupid!
Farewell now to "Peace and Rest,"
For to these I 'll be a stranger
While *you* dwell within my breast.

A WOMAN'S PRAYER

Guard him, oh God; no love of mine
  Can shelter him from ill.
Encircle with Thy grace divine
  And guide him by Thy will.

Send sweetest dreams, and quiet rest
  To calm his troubled mind,
That he may lean upon Thy breast,
  And peace and comfort find.

Send him Thy strength to evil fight,
  Subdue in him all wrong,
That in the battle for the right
  His be the victor's song.

Temptations crowd his path by day,
  I would it were not so,
That in the straight and narrow way
  He might forever go.

My love is powerless and weak;
  I pray The voice divine
Will to his heart a message speak
  Of stronger love than mine.

Protect him, guard him, every hour;
  I leave him in Thy care.
Thine is the will, and Thine the power;
  Mine is the earnest prayer.

INS AND OUTS OF LOVE

I 've been called a "capital fellow"
  By men whom I 've known all my life,
And really, I shared their opinion
  Till I thought of getting a wife.

But now all of this has been altered,
  By neither a fairy nor elf—
I 'm *in* love with the dearest of women
  And quite *out* of love with myself.

She thinks I am good—Heaven bless her!
  She ne'er made a greater mistake,
But I swear she never shall know it,
  I 'll *be* what she thinks for her sake.

I know that a "capital fellow"
  Is not always noble and wise;
Small things look as black as the blackest
  In the light of a pure woman's eyes.

No longer a "capital fellow,"
  By "the boys" I 'm laid on the shelf,
I 'm *in* love with the dearest of women,
  And am quite *out* of love with myself.

MY SWEETHEART BOY

Oh Sweetheart Boy with sunny curls
And velvet eyes of softest brown,
What thoughts run riot in your head?
And why that funny, puzzled frown?

This world is all so new and strange,
And grown-ups say such funny things.
Big words I cannot understand
That 's why I have such wonderings.

But most of all, I 'm wondering
Why time won't go any faster,
And why my birthday does not come?
Mamma says whene'er I ask her,

" 'Twill not be long." I know better.
I 've waked up lots and lots of days,
And wondered if 'twas come at last,
But when I ask Mamma, she says,

"Not yet, my Son, 'twill soon be here."
And then I will be four years old—
(Quite big enough for pants I think!)
I 've such a secret—Auntie told.

She says I 'll have a party then,
And can invite the girls and boys
To eat my cake and see the fun,
And play around with all my toys.

I think I might 's well have it now,
For birthdays take too long to come.
If you will hurry it along
I 'll cut my cake and give you some.

IN MEMORY OF DR. WM. C. RAVENEL.

Gone from earth and its tumult,
  Gone from the earth and its cares;
Come to the home of the faithful,
  Come to the Hearer of Prayers.

Gone from sorrow and sadness,
  Gone from his sickness and pain;
Come where good is triumphant,
  Come where death will never reign.

Gone from scenes of his labors,
  Gone from all those whom he healed;
Come to the land of the blessed,
  Come where life's "whys" are revealed.

Gone from his home of childhood,
  Gone from the town of his love;
Come to a world of glory,
  Come to his mansion above.

Gone from those who revere him,
  Gone! Noble heart, and true friend;
Come to reward for his work,
  Come where his joy will not end.

Ours, the sorrow and sadness,
  His, not a tear or a sigh;
For him, glory and gladness
  True friend, "kind physician," good-by.

MY STAR

To live is to feel thee near me,
To die is to know thee afar!
How, loving so, can I fear thee?—
My beautiful guiding star!

I love thee so that I tremble
Lest by word or look I offend.
Oh, it is hard to dissemble,
And to greet thee as a friend!

My arms are aching to hold thee
Close, close in a lover's embrace.
Could they but once more enfold thee,
Kisses would rain on thy face.

To live is to feel thee near me,
To die is to know thee afar.
How, loving so, can I fear thee?
My beautiful guiding star!

THE SHEPHERD

Upon the mountain, bare and steep,
The shepherd lives and guards his sheep.
With well-trained eye he looks around,
Not satisfied till each is found.

He loves his flock, this lonely man.
No thought of self one minute can
Within his mind rest for a space,
No danger is too great to face

For those he loves so well and true.
But now he says, "What shall I do?
For there is in my flock one sheep—
Poor, foolish thing!—it will not keep

"Within the fold, or do my will.
The wicked wolves I fear will kill
My wilful one; and yet, alas!
No word of mine can hold it fast.

"It will not learn that I know best,
And seeks its own wild way with zest.
I know not how to gain its love
That it may no more wish to rove."

And so the shepherd pondered long,
And wondered how to right this wrong.
At last he thought, "A way I 've found.
When next he wanders to the ground

"By skilful trap I 'll lay him low;
But not to leave him there, oh, no!
For then with tender care and skill
I 'll nurse him back to life, until

"He loves me well, and knows that I
To save his life would dare to die."
The plan worked well, and now this sheep
Loves near his shepherd's side to keep.

So when *we* seek our own wild way
And do *our* will from day to day,
Without one thought of God's dear love,
He stoops from His great throne above,

Wisely sending griefs and losses
His love to prove. Heaviest crosses
Are by His help not hard to bear,
He comes our *every* grief to share.

Who would not choose a cross if He
O'er darkened paths might walk with thee?
Thou words of comfort sweet will say,
And hold our hands o'er roughest way.

HER FIRST PROPOSAL

"Will you marry me?" he asked her,
While his heart beat faster and faster—
"Will you marry me, I say?
If you will, then name the day."

"Are you rich?" she naively asked him—
Yes, unblushingly she asked him.—
"Why, I 've heaps and heaps of money,
To spend on you, my Honey."

"Are you old?" the sweet voice queried.
And in tones a little wearied
(Though he strove to make them merry),
He replied, "Not so very."

With a wisdom all unwonted,
With a courage all undaunted,
Though it was her first proposal,
She asked, ere her disposal,

If these two things he possessed—
Youth and money. As for the rest,
That the future would soon unfold,
To be paid for with his gold.

"Well, if your riches with you stay,
Perhaps I 'll marry you some day—
You know you must not get too old."
Seemed she somewhat over bold?

"Fools and children always speak the truth,"
And she was not a fool, forsooth!
Sometimes Cupid plays daring tricks—
He was forty, ***she,*** was six.

LOVE 'S NOT LOST

Love is not lost, it cannot be
That so much love has gone from me.
It waits me there on that far shore
To greet me first as I pass o'er
The dark river which flows between
This sad world and the great Unseen.
From Death to Life we all must pass,
Then why with doubts and fears harass
Our living here? For He who guides
Our lives through wild and rugged tides
Will lead us through to find a store
Of deathless love on that far shore.

5550B

MEMORIAL DAY

Why these wreaths, and why these crosses?
  Why these palms and evergreens?
Why this solemn calm which lingers
  O'er the usual busy scenes?

Who these men with noble faces,
  Tired eyes, and shoulders bent?
Who these women, youths, and maidens,
  Pressing on with one intent?

What the spot at which they gather?
  Whose the graves the flowers dress?
Are they those of men victorious
  Who have won in war and stress?

Palms—the tree of Carolina.
  Crosses mark the Christian's breast.
Evergreens—are for remembrance;
  Wreaths—to crown the hero's rest.

And "The solemn calm which lingers?"
  Memory is that Spirit's name;
Memory of the men who perished,
  Men of high and glorious aim.

Who, to save their homes and country,
  Gladly down their lives they laid;
Followers of Lee and Jackson,
  Men courageous, unafraid.

Should we not their memory honor?
Little 'tis our debt to pay
To the men who starved and fought on
In their suits of ragged gray.

These were blest—for Death in kindness
Closed their eyes, and in their slumbers
They were saved the bitter knowledge
Of the overwhelming numbers.

These old "men with noble faces"
Are their brothers in the fight,
They are here to pay their tribute
Ere the falling of the night.

Each year fewer are the numbers
Who come forth in suits of gray.
Silent sleepers! Living heroes!
This is your Memorial Day.

Youths and maidens, men and women,
Consecrate this day to you—
Honored thus, in doing honor—
To the brave, the great, the true.

CHILDREN OF YESTERDAY.

Empty the nest whence birds have flown,
Silent the house, with children grown:
Memory brings their step on the stair
Their childish mirth again to my ear.

I think they are children once more
Seeking their mother as of yore;
Instead of mending a broken cart
I must pour balm on a wounded heart.

Youthful sorrows are hard to bear
And I must heal, with loving care.
My dear little girls of yesterday
Have thrown their dollies and toys away,

And yet, to me the days seem few
Since these were treasures fresh and new.
There are other games these grown-ups play,
These lads and lassies of yesterday.

Time steals our children one by one,
His work of change is never done.
The lambs Christ gathers into His fold
Are the only ones who grow not old.

Sons are manly, daughters are sweet,
But I miss the sound of baby feet.
Empty the nest whence the birds have flown;
Silent the house with the children grown.

A CRY FOR HELP

It will not matter in the years to come,
This cruel pain which doth my heart benumb,
And hurts the more because my lips are dumb!

It will not matter then; but, Saviour mine,
Help me to bear it now; in love divine
Send me Thy peace—all blessed gifts are Thine.

It will not matter that my pain was great
When low I lie in death's majestic state.
But help me now, dear Lord, my grief abate!

"LIKE JESUS"

"I am going to be like Jesus."
  What promise could sweeter be
Than this, which my little darlings
  Have earnestly made to me?
I was telling of Jesus the baby,
  Of Jesus the little child,
How *He* never, never quarreled,
  That His tones were soft and mild.

That He loved His mother dearly,
  That he never pained her heart,
When Jeannie, the "blue-eyed baby,"
  Said low, as her sweet lips part,
"I am going to be like Jesus."
  The words to me musical seem,
May they be forever her motto
  As she stems Life's turbulent stream!

My brown-eyed boy echoes sweetly,
  "I mean to be like Him too,
And I 'll always think of Jesus
  In *each* little thing I do."
I am sure God heard their promise
  And has helped them all the day;
For He who guardeth the sparrows
  Must hear what His wee ones say.

THE CONFEDERATE PRIVATE

From every home in the sweet Southland
Went a soldier lad, at his heart's command,
To fight in a cause both true and just,
To conquer or die—as a hero must.

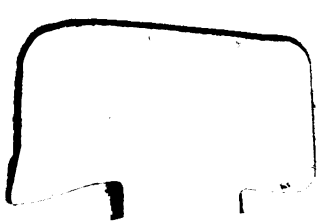
With a kiss, a smile, a word of cheer
To those who at parting were doubly dear;
A song on his lips, his head held high—
In such a cause he was ready to die.

But victory first! 'Twas his earnest prayer
To reach the front, and to do battle there;
To see his own flag triumphantly wave—
Though its folds should fly o'er his open grave.

The hardships of war he bravely bore,
And proudly the shabby gray suit he wore.
'Twas the only color on earth for him—
Not hunger or thirst could his spirits dim.

With every fight hope sprang up anew;
For he felt that the cause he loved was true,
And surely the God who brave men led
Would help and guide them if living or dead.

Sometimes they won; and then hope ran high;
Again they lost, but still hope would not die.
They were privates, and theirs to obey—
Not theirs to command or lead in the fray.

Theirs to endure, and follow and fight;
And to know that the cause they loved was right.
So to the end they followed and fought,
With patriotism which could not be bought.

Hungry and thirsty, foot-sore and lame,
They fought for their country, nor thought of
fame.
Their names are written, with those who led,
In a great country's heart—the brave Confed.